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regard is had to it? Is it not admitted, also, that this bearing is always especially considered in selecting the subjects and mode of taxation, though the object be merely to raise revenue? This supposes, that something can be known and understood of the effects of laws in this respect; and this is, in reality, assuming, that the subject may be reduced to scientific analysis and deduction, and that many questions can be settled and put to rest, and many rules clearly established. Upon this subject we shall find the British economists most meagre and unsatisfactory. Only the newest and greenest legislators think of looking into their works for principles. The invocation of their authority excites the smile of men experienced in affairs.

Education is the nursery of national greatness and littleness, in wealth, as well as in other things. It is touched upon by Smith, in treating of regular apprenticeships; but nowhere presented in its full proportions, by him or any other writer on economy.

Such are the general topics belonging to this subject, and such the deficiencies, as it seems to us, in the writers upon it. But we do not despair of seeing it raised from its degradation, and made more worthy to rank as a science.

**ART. IV.—1.** *A Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, containing the Accentuation; the Grammatical Inflections; the Irregular Words referred to their Themes; the Parallel Terms from the other Gothic Languages; the Meaning of the Anglo-Saxon in English and Latin; and copious English and Latin Indexes, serving as a Dictionary of English and Anglo-Saxon, as well as of Latin and Anglo-Saxon. With a Preface on the Germanic Tongues; a Map of Languages, and the Essentials of Anglo-Saxon Grammar.* By the Rev. J. BOSWORTH. London: 1837. 8vo. pp. 868.

**2.** *King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Boëthius, "De Consolatione Philosophiae"; with an English Translation, and Notes.* By J. S. CARDALE. London: 1829. 8vo. pp. 425.

3. *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica. A Selection, in Prose and Verse, from Anglo-Saxon Authors of various Ages, with a Glossary. Designed chiefly as a First Book for Students.* By BENJAMIN THORPE. London : 1834. 8vo. pp. 268.
4. *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.* By JOHN JOSEPH CONYBEARE. London : 1826. 8vo. pp. 286.
5. *The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf, the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finnesburgh, edited, together with a Glossary of the more Difficult Words, and an Historical Preface,* by JOHN M. KEMBLE, Esq., M. A. London : 1833. 12mo. pp. 260.

WE read in history, that it was the beauty of an ancient manuscript, which tempted King Alfred, when a boy at his mother's knee, to learn the letters of the Saxon tongue. A volume, which that monarch minstrel wrote in after years, now lies before us, so beautifully printed, that it might tempt any one to learn not only the letters of the Saxon language, but the language also. The monarch himself is looking from the ornamented initial letter of the first chapter. He is crowned and care-worn ; having a beard, and long, flowing locks, and a face of majesty. He seems to have just uttered those remarkable words, with which his Preface closes ; “ And now he prays, and for God’s name implores, every one of those whom it lists to read this book, that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could ; for every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and according to his leisure, speak that which he speaks, and do that which he does. ”

We would fain hope, that the beauty of this and other Anglo-Saxon books may lead many to the study of that excellent language. Through such gate-ways will they pass, it is true, into no gay palace of song ; but among the dark chambers and mouldering walls of an old national literature, all weather-stained and in ruins. They will find, however, venerable names recorded on those walls ; and inscriptions, worth the trouble of decyphering. To point out the most curious and important of these, is our present purpose ; and according to the measure of our understanding, and according to our leisure, we speak that which we speak.

If any of our readers are predestined to study the Anglo-Saxon tongue, they may thank their stars that they have been

born thus late in the world. They will find their appointed task much easier now, than it would have been some three centuries ago, when Ælfric's *Homily on the Paschal Lamb*, was, for the first time, “imprinted at London, by John Day, dwelling over Aldersgate, beneath St. Martyns” ; or even two centuries ago, when the same book was reprinted “by John Haviland, for Henrie Seile, dwelling in Paul’s Churchyard, at the signe of the Tyger’s head.” Since those days the publication of Anglo-Saxon books has been constantly increasing ; and, without any disparagement to Junius, Hickes, Somner, Lye, Wilkins, and other early Saxonists, we can truly say, that more has been done by Bosworth, Cardale, Kemble, Thorpe, and others within the present century, nay, within the last fifteen years, to excite an interest in the Anglo-Saxon language and literature, and to facilitate their study, than had been before accomplished in all the many years which have elapsed since the days of John Day. We are far, however, from maintaining, that this would or could have been the case without the previous labors, the incessant toil, — yes, we may well say, incessant toil, when we look at their huge folios ! — of those most diligent and worthy scholars.\* Long may the good they have done live after them ; their errors only be interred with their bones. We bear in grateful memory their labors for the restoration of the Saxon speech ; the study of which is profitable for doctrine and for reproof to those, who, having travelled in France and Italy, “lisp, and wear strange suits, and disable all the benefits of their native tongue.”

At the head of this article, we have placed the titles of those works, which we deem most necessary for a student of the Anglo-Saxon. The publication of Dr. Bosworth's *Dictionary* is likely to form an era in this study. In all dictionaries hitherto, Latin has been used to interpret Anglo-Saxon ; these works being intended for continental scholars also, and not for English alone. Doubtless, too, there was a little scholastic pride at the bottom of this. But, at length, we have the long-desired labor, well accomplished, — an Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary ; a book which, we venture to say, will do more to advance the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, and, consequently, the full and per-

\* For a chronological list of the chief works printed in Anglo-Saxon with a notice of Grammars and Dictionaries, see Bosworth's *Dictionary*, Preface, p. xviii.

fect understanding of our own, than any work which has yet appeared. A most laborious task! A volume, upon which we lay our hands with great respect; for it contains more than seven years of a scholar's life, dissolved, sublimated, over a slow fire, into words; or, as Baro Ubigerus, that servant of God in the kingdom of nature, would say, "driven nine or ten times through the combustible fire into the elementary air." The title-page of the work, which we have copied out fully, sufficiently explains the plan followed by the author, in this noble contribution to the history of his native tongue. The long Preface gives a sketch of all the Teutonic and Scandinavian languages, with abundant illustrations. It is full of very valuable learning; and shows great diligence, and patient, long research. The "Essentials of Anglo-Saxon Grammar," and the abstract of Rask and Grimm, afford the student all the knowledge of forms and inflections, which he will need at the outset. For more thorough study of grammar, he may be referred to a former work of Dr. Bosworth, and to Thorpe's translation of Rask.\*

Much praise is due, likewise, to the other Anglo-Saxon scholars, whose works we have cited above. We shall have occasion to refer to them frequently, in the course of this article; and always, with just praise. Our object, however, is not to review their books, properly speaking; but to make the best use of them we can, in drawing up a sketch of Anglo-Saxon literature. The best service we can render these scholars is, to show the Anglo-Saxon student on this side of the Atlantic, how much he stands in need of their works.

The Anglo-Saxon language was the language of our Saxon forefathers in England, though they never gave it that name. They called it English. Thus King Alfred speaks of translating "from book-latin into English" (*of bec Ledene on Englisc*); Abbot Ælfric was requested by Æthelward "to translate the book of Genesis from Latin into English" (*anwendan of Ledene on Englisc tha boc Genesis*); and Bishop Leofric, speaking of the manuscript he gave to the Exeter Cathedral, calls it, "a great English book" (*mycel Englisc boc.*) In other words, it is the old Saxon, a Gothic tongue, as spoken and developed in England. That it was spoken and written

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\* *The Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, with copious Notes, &c.; and a Grammatical Praxis. By the Rev. J. BOSWORTH. London. 1823. 8vo.

*A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue*, with a Praxis. By ERASMUS RASK. Translated from the Danish, by B. THORPE. Copenhagen. 1830. 8vo.

uniformly throughout the land, is not to be imagined, when we know that Jutes and Angles were in the country as well as Saxons. But that it was essentially the same language everywhere is not to be doubted, when we compare pure West Saxon texts with Northumbrian Glosses and Books of Durham. In Hickes's *Dano-Saxon Period* we have no faith whatever, nor do we think any scholar has, at the present day. The Saxon kings reigned six hundred years ; the Danish dynasty, twenty only. And we have not imagination enough to believe, that either the Danish boors, who were earthlings (*yrthlingas*) in the country, or the Danish soldiers, who, as history tells us, were dandies at the court of King Canute, could, in the brief space of twenty years, have so overlaid or interlarded the pure Anglo-Saxon with their provincialisms, as to give it a new character, and thus form a new *period* in its history, as was afterwards done by the Normans.

The truth is, the Dano-Saxon is a dialect of the language, not a period which was passed through in its history. We can lean upon old manuscripts and argue the point for hours together ; but not at present. It will be sufficient to say, that, down to the time of the Norman Conquest, the language existed in the form of two principal dialects ; namely, the Anglo-Saxon in the South ; and the Dano-Saxon, or Northumbrian, in the North. After the Norman Conquest, the language assumed a new form, which has been called, properly enough, Norman-Saxon and Semi-Saxon.

This form of the language, ever flowing and filtering through the roots of national feeling, custom, and prejudice, prevailed about two hundred years ; that is, from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century ; when the people woke up one morning and found themselves speaking English, as the word English is now understood. We may as well speak thus lightly, as more seriously. It is impossible to fix the landmarks of a language with any great precision ; but only floating beacons, here and there. Perhaps, however, it may be well, while upon this subject, to say more than we have yet said. We therefore subjoin, in a note, a very lucid and brief account of the language ; perhaps the clearest and briefest that can be given. It is by Mr. Cardale.\*

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\* "NOTE ON THE SAXON DIALECTS."

"HICKES, in c. 19. of the Anglo-Saxon Grammar in his *Thesaurus*, states, that there are three dialects of the Saxon language, distinguishable from

It is oftentimes curious to consider the far-off beginnings of great events, and to study the aspect of the cloud no bigger than one's hand. The British peasant looked seaward from his harvest-field, and saw, with wondering eyes, the piratical schooner of a Saxon Viking, making for the mouth of the Thames. A few years,—only a few years,—afterward, while the same peasant, driven from his homestead north or west, still lives to tell the story to his grandchildren, another race lords it over the land, speaking a different language and living under different laws. This important event in his history is more important in the world's history. Thus began the reign of the Saxons in England ; and the downfall of one nation, and the rise of another, seem to us at this distance only the catastrophe of a stage-play.

The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans ; they were a wild and warlike people ; brave, rejoicing in sea-storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes and long, flowing hair. Their warriors wore their shields suspended from their necks by

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the pure and regular language of which he has already treated, namely, that found in the authors who flourished in the southern and western parts of Britain. These dialects he arranges, according to certain periods of history, as follows ; 1. The *Britanno-Saxon*, which, he says, was spoken by our ancestors, from their original invasion of Britain till the entrance of the Danes, being about 337 years.—2. The *Dano-Saxon*, which, he says, was used from the entrance of the Danes till the Norman invasion, being 274 years, and more especially in the northern parts of England and the south of Scotland.—3. The *Normanno-Dano-Saxon*, spoken from the invasion by the Normans till the time of Hen. II., which towards the end of that time, he says, might be termed *Semi-Saxon*.—Writers of considerable eminence appear to have considered this arrangement of the dialects as a complete history of the language, without adverting to the circumstance of Hickes's distinguishing them all from 'the pure and regular language,' which is the primary subject of his work. From this partial view, a notion has become current, that the Dano-Saxon dialect, previously to or during the reigns of the Canutes, became the general language of this country, and that our present language was formed by gradual alterations superinduced upon the Dano-Saxon. This being taken for granted, it has appeared easy to decide upon the antiquity of some of the existing remains. Poems written in Dano-Saxon have been of course ascribed to 'the Dano-Saxon period' ; and Beowulf, and the poems of Cædmon, have been deprived of that high antiquity which a perusal of the writings themselves inclines us to attribute to them, and referred to a comparatively modern era.

"With all due respect for the learning of the author of the *Thesaurus*, it may be said, that he has introduced an unnecessary degree of complexity on the subject of the dialects. His first dialect, the Britanno-Saxon, may be fairly laid out of the question. The only indisputable specimen of it, according to his account, is what he calls, 'a fragment of the true Cædmon,' preserved in Alfred's version of Bede,—a poem which has nothing

chains. Their horsemen were armed with iron sledge-hammers. Their priests rode upon mares, and carried into the battle-field an image of the god Irminsula ; in figure like an armed man ; his helmet crested with a cock ; in his right hand a banner, emblazoned with a red rose ; a bear, carved upon his breast ; and, hanging from his shoulders, a shield, on which was a lion in a field of flowers.

Not two centuries elapsed before this whole people was converted to Christianity. Ælfric, in his homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, informs us, that this conversion was accomplished by the holy wishes of that good man, and the holy works of St. Augustine and other monks. St. Gregory beholding one day certain slaves set for sale in the market-place of Rome, who were “men of fair countenance and nobly-haired,” and learning that they were heathens, and called Angles, heaved a long sigh, and said ; “ Well-away ! that men of so fair a hue should be subjected to the swarthy devil ! Rightly are they called Angles, for they have angels’ beauty ; and therefore it is fit that they in heaven should be

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in language or style to distinguish it from the admitted productions of Alfred. Dismissing the supposed Britanno-Saxon, as unworthy of consideration, the principal remains of the Saxon language may be arranged in two classes, viz. those which are written in *pure Anglo-Saxon*, and those which are written in *Dano-Saxon*. These, in fact, were the two great dialects of the language. The former was used (as Hickes observes) in the southern and western parts of England ; and the latter in the northern parts of England and the south of Scotland. It is entirely a gratuitous supposition, to imagine, that either of these dialects commenced at a much later period than the other. Each was probably as old as the beginning of the heptarchy. We know, that, among the various nations which composed it, the Saxons became predominant in the southern and western parts, and the Angles in the northern. As these nations were distinct in their original seats on the continent, so they arrived at different times, and brought with them different dialects. This variety of speech continued till the Norman conquest, and even afterwards. It is not affirmed that the dialects were absolutely invariable. Each would be more or less changed by time, and by intercourse with foreigners. The mutual connexion, also, which subsisted between the different nations of the heptarchy would necessarily lead to some intermixture. But we may with safety assert, that the two great dialects of the Saxon language continued substantially distinct as long as the language itself was in use, — that the Dano-Saxon, in short, never superseded the Anglo-Saxon. In a formal dissertation on this subject, citations might be made from the Saxon laws from Ethelbert to Canute, from the Saxon Chronicle, from charters, and from works confessedly written after the Norman conquest, to show, that, whatever changes took place in the dialect of the southern and western parts of Britain, it never lost its distinctive character, or became what can with any propriety be termed Dano-Saxon. After the Norman conquest, both the dialects were gradually corrupted, till they terminated in modern English. During this period of the

companions of angels.” As soon, therefore, as he undertook the popehood (*papanhad underfeng*), the monks were sent to their beloved work. In the *Witena Gemot*, or Assembly of the Wise, convened by King Edwin of Northumbria, to consider the propriety of receiving the Christian faith, a Saxon Ealdorman arose, and spake these noble words ; “ Thus seemeth to me, O king, this present life of man upon earth, compared with the time which is unknown to us ; even as if you were sitting at a feast, amid your Ealdormen and Thegns in winter time. And the fire is lighted, and the hall warmed, and it rains, and snows, and storms without. Then cometh a sparrow, and flieheth about the hall. It cometh in at one door, and goeth out at another. While it is within, it is not touched by the winter’s storm ; but that is only for a moment, only for the least space. Out of the winter it cometh, to return again into the winter eftsoon. So also this life of man endureth for a little space. What goeth before it and what followeth after, we know not. Wherefore, if this new lore bring aught more certain and

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declension of the Saxon language, nothing was permanent ; and whether we call the mixed and changeable language ‘ Normanno-Dano-Saxon,’ or ‘ Semi-Saxon,’ or leave it without any particular appellation, is not very important. — An additional proof that the two great dialects were not consecutive, but contemporary, might be drawn from early writings in *English*, and even from such as were composed long after the establishment of the Normans. We find traces of the pure Anglo-Saxon dialect in Robert of Gloucester, who wrote in the time of Edward the First, and whose works are now understood almost without the aid of a glossary ; whereas the language of Robert Langland, who wrote nearly a century later, is more closely connected with the Dano-Saxon, and so different from modern English as to be sometimes almost unintelligible. — Though these differences have been gradually wearing away, our provincial glossaries afford evidence, that, even at the present day, they are not entirely obliterated.

“ Alfred’s language is esteemed pure Anglo-Saxon ; yet we find in his poetical compositions some words, which, according to Hickes, belong to the Dano-Saxon dialect. This may be readily accounted for. It is extremely probable that the works of the poets who flourished in the north of England and the adjoining parts of Scotland, and who composed their poems in Dano-Saxon, were circulated, if not in writing, at least by itinerant reciters, in all the nations of the heptarchy ; that they were imitated by the southern poets ; and that some particular words and phrases were at length considered as a sort of poetical language, and indispensable to that species of composition. Some words which occur in the poems of Alfred, as well as in Beowulf, Cædmon, &c., are seldom or never met with in prose. Of Alfred’s early attention to poetical recitations we have a remarkable testimony in Asser ; ‘ *Saxonica poemata die noctuque solers auditor relatu aliorum særissime audiens, docibilis memoriter retinebat.*’ Wise’s Asser, p. 16.”

more advantageous, then is it worthy, that we should follow it.” This brave man spake well ; and how like an American Indian ! \*

Thus the Anglo-Saxons became Christians. For the good of their souls they built monasteries and went on pilgrimages to Rome. The whole country, to use Malmesbury’s phrase, was “glorious and resplendent with relics.” The priests sang psalms night and day ; and so great was the piety of St. Cuthbert, that, according to Bede, he forgot to take off his shoes for months together, — sometimes the whole year round ; — from which Mr. Turner infers, that he had no stockings. † They also copied the Evangelists, and illustrated them with illuminations ; in one of which St. John is represented in a pea-green dress with red stripes. They also drank ale out of buffalo horns and wooden-knobbed goblets. A Mercian king gave to the Monastery of Croyland his great drinking-horn, that the elder monks might drink therefrom at festivals, and “in their benedictions remember sometimes the soul of the donor, Witlaf.” They drank his health, with that of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and other saints. Malmesbury says, that excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks of people. We know that King Hardicanute died in a revel ; and King Edmund in a drunken brawl at Puckle church, being, with all his court, much overtaken by liquor, at the festival of St. Augustine. Thus did mankind go reeling through the Dark Ages ; quarrelling, drinking, hunting, hawking, singing psalms, wearing breeches, † grinding in mills, eating hot bread, rocked in cradles, buried in coffins, — weak, suf-

\* How much, too, like our Indian names are some of the Anglo-Saxon names, when translated. For example ; Æthelwulf, *The noble wolf* ; Eadwulf, *The prosperous wolf* ; Ealdwulf, *The old wolf* ; Hundberht, *The illustrious hound* ; Æalfheag, *Tall as an elf* ; Dunstan, *The mountain stone* ; Heaburg, *The high tower*.

† *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, Vol. II. p. 61.

Over the door of this pious Cuthbert’s cell should have been inscribed these two lines, from the *Poem of the Phænix*, in the Exeter Manuscript ;

“ Hær se halga stenc  
Wunath geond wyn lond.”

† In an old Anglo-Saxon dialogue, which we shall notice hereafter, a shoemaker says, that he makes “slippers, shoes, and leather breeches,” (*swyfleras, sceos, and lether-hose.*)

fering, sublime. Well might King Alfred exclaim, “ Maker of all creatures ! help now thy miserable mankind.”

Having already spoken somewhat of the language of this people, and as much of the people themselves as is necessary for our present uses, we now pass willingly to their literature. But a national literature is a subject, which we always approach with reverence. It is difficult to comprehend fully the mind of a nation ; even when that nation still lives, and we can visit it, and its present history, and the lives of men we know, help us to a comment on the written text. But here the dead alone speak. Voices, half understood ; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no farther, but died with these last words upon his lips ; homilies, preached to congregations that have been asleep for many centuries ; lives of saints, who went to their reward, long before the world began to scoff at sainthood ; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, and now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse’s tale ; nothing entire, nothing wholly understood, and no farther comment or illustration, than may be drawn from an isolated fact, found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript ! Such is the literature we have now to consider. Such fragments, and mutilated remains, has the human mind left of itself, coming down through the times of old, step by step, and every step a century. Old men and venerable accompany us through the Past ; and, pausing at the threshold of the Present, they put into our hands, at parting, such written records of themselves, as they have. We should receive these things with reverence. We should respect old age.

“ This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind ?  
Woe to it for its fate !  
Alas ! it is old.”

What an Anglo-Saxon glee-man was, we know from such commentaries as are mentioned above. King Edgar forbade the monks to be ale-poets (*eala scopas*) ; and one of his accusations against the clergy of his day was, that they entertained glee-men in the monasteries, where they had dicing, dancing, and singing, till midnight. The illumination of an old manuscript shows how a glee-man looked. It is a frontispiece to the Psalms of David. The great psalmist sits upon his throne, with a harp in his hand, and his masters of sacred

song around him. Below stands the glee-man ; throwing three balls and three knives alternately into the air, and catching them as they fall, like a modern juggler.\* But all the Anglo-Saxon poets were not glee-men. All the harpers were not *hoppesteres*, or dancers. The *sceop*, the creator, the poet, rose, at times, to higher things. He sang the deeds of heroes ; victorious odes ; death-songs ; epic poems ; or, sitting in cloisters, and afar from these things, put holy writ into Saxon chimes. Of such, our Lusty Juventus would not have said,

“ Who knoweth where is e'er a minstrel ?  
By the masse, I would fayne go daunce a fit.”

Let us now leave these out-posts and advances, and approach our theme at once. Indeed, we have delayed thus long only that we might approach it from the right point of view ;—having first looked down upon it from the vantage ground, which the history, character, and customs of the nation present. We shall first speak of Anglo-Saxon poetry ; afterwards, of Anglo-Saxon prose.

The first thing, which strikes the reader of Anglo-Saxon poetry, is the structure of the verse ; the short exclamatory lines, whose rhythm depends on alliteration in the emphatic syllables, and to which the general omission of the particles gives great energy and vivacity. Though alliteration predominates in all Anglo-Saxon poetry, rhyme is not wholly wanting. It had line-rhymes and final rhymes ; which being added to the alliteration, and brought so near together in the short, emphatic lines, produce a singular effect upon the ear. They ring like blows of hammers on an anvil. For example ;

“ Flah mah fliteth, Flan man hwiteth,	The strong dart flitteth, The spear man whetteth,
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\* “ The honest illuminators, having no ideas of foreign or ancient manners, saw not the absurdity of making the Jewish monarch a president over a company of Saxon glee-men. They had heard, no doubt, that those persons, whose names they found recorded in the book of Psalms, were poets and musicians, and, therefore, naturally concluded, that they were glee-men ; because they knew no others, who performed in that double capacity but the glee-men. They knew, also, that these facetious artists were greatly venerated by persons of the highest rank, and their company requested by kings and princes, who richly rewarded them for the exercise of their talents, and, for this reason, conceived that they were proper companions for the royal psalmist.” — Strutt’s *Sports and Pastimes*, Book iii. ch. 3.

*Burg sorg biteth,* Care the city biteth,  
*Bald ald thwiteth,* Age the bold quelleth,  
*Wræc-fæc writhath,* Vengeance prevaileth,  
*Wrath ath smiteth.*\* Wrath a city assaileth.\*

Other peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon poetry, which cannot escape the reader's attention, are its frequent inversions, its bold transitions, and abundant metaphors. These are the things, which render Anglo-Saxon poetry so much more difficult than Anglo-Saxon prose. But upon these points we need not enlarge. It is enough to have thus alluded to them. The references in the note will show where they are fully discussed. We do not wish to go over a ground so often trodden, but come gladly to a consideration of the poetry itself. †

\* See Conybeare's *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*. In the Introduction, the subject of Anglo-Saxon metre is fully discussed. The same subject is treated of in the grammars of Bosworth and Rask. To these we refer our readers; and likewise, to Vol. XXXIII. of this *Review*, p. 338.

Alliteration was used in English poetry as late as the fifteenth century. William Dunbar wrote in 1455. Here is a short passage from his poem of *The Two Married Women and the Widow*. See Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 210; and Conybeare, *Introduction*, p. lxxii.

" While that the day did updawn  
 and dew danked flowris,  
 The morrow mild was and meek,  
 the mavis did sing,  
 And all removed the mist  
 and the mead smelled;  
 Silver showris down shook  
 as the sheen cristal,  
 And birds shouted in the shaw  
 with their shrill notis;  
 The golden glittering gleam  
 so gladden'd their heartis,  
 They made a glorious glee  
 among the green boughis.  
 The soft south of the swyre,  
 and sound of the streamis,  
 The sweet savour of the sward  
 and singing of fowlis,  
 Might comfort any creature  
 of the kin of Adam,  
 And kindle again his courage  
 though it were cold slokned.

† We add here a short passage in which many of these peculiarities are found. It is from an Ode on the death of King Edgar.

" And tha wearth eac adreadef, And there was also driven  
 deormod hæleth ; the beloved hero,

One of the oldest and most important remains of Anglo-Saxon literature is the epic poem of Beowulf. Its age is unknown; but it comes from a very distant and hoar antiquity; somewhere between the seventh and tenth centuries. It is like a piece of ancient armour; rusty and battered, and yet strong. From within comes a voice sepulchral, as if the ancient armour spoke, telling a simple, straight-forward narrative; with here and there the boastful speech of a rough, old Dane, reminding one of those made by the heroes of Homer. The style, likewise, is simple,—perhaps we should say, austere. The bold metaphors, which characterize nearly all the Anglo-Saxon poems we have read, are for the most part wanting in this. The author seems mainly bent upon telling us, how his Sea-Goth slew the Grendel and the Fire-drake. He is too much in earnest to multiply epithets and gorgeous figures. At times he is tedious; at times obscure; and he, who undertakes to read the original, will find it no child's-play; particularly if he undertakes, at the same time, the Latin version of Grim. Johnson Thorkelin.\*

The poem begins with a description of King Hrothgar the Scylding, in his great hall of Heort, which reëchoed with the sound of harp and song. But not far off, in the fens and marshes of Jutland, dwelt a grim and monstrous giant, called Grendel, a descendant of Cain. This trouble-

Oslac, of earde,  
of er ytha gewealc,  
of er ganotes bæth,  
gamol-feax hæleth,  
wis and word snotor,  
of er wætera gethring,  
of er hwæles æthel,  
hama bereafod."

Oslac, from the land,  
over the weltering of waves,  
over the sea-bird's bath,  
the flaxen-haired hero,  
wise and word-prudent,  
over the throng of waters,  
over the whale's country,  
of home bereaved.

\* This Danish scholar published an edition of Beowulf in 1815, with the following title; *De Danorum Rebus Gestis Secul. III. et IV. Poëma Danicum Dialecto Anglo-Saxonice. Ex Bibliothecâ Cottoniana Musæi Britannici. Havnia. MDCCXCV.* He made an antiquarian tour in England, in 1786, and took a copy of the MS., which, with a translation and commentary, he had ready for publication in 1807; but the whole unfortunately perished in the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English. Nothing daunted, the laborious, worthy Dane began his work anew, and the result is the quarto bearing his name. We regret to say, that the work is very incorrect, both in the original text and in the translation. Mr. Kemble says of it, that not "five lines can be found in succession, in which some gross fault, either in the transcript or the translation, does not betray the editor's utter ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon language." — *Beowulf.* Preface, p. xxx.

some individual was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Scylding's palace by night, to see, as the author rather quaintly says, "how the doughty Danes found themselves after their beer-carouse."\* On his first visit he destroyed some thirty inmates, all asleep, with beer in their brains ; and ever afterwards kept the whole land in fear of death. At length the fame of these evil deeds reached the ears of Beowulf, the Thane of Higelac, a famous Viking in those days, who had slain sea-monsters, and wore a wild-boar for his crest. Straightway he sailed with fifteen followers for the court of Heort ; unarmed, in the great mead-hall, and at midnight, fought the Grendel, tore off one of his arms, and hung it up on the palace wall as a curiosity ; the fiend's fingers being armed with long nails, which the author calls the hand-spurs of the heathen hero, (*hæthenes hond-sporu hilde-ringes.*) Retreating to his cave, the grim ghost (*grima gast*) departed this life ; whereat there was great carousing at Heort. But at night came the Grendel's mother, and carried away one of the beer-drunken heroes of the ale-wassail, (*beore druncne ofer eol-wæge.*) Beowulf, with a great escort, pursued her to the fen-lands of the Grendel ; plunged, all armed, into a dark-rolling and dreary river, that flowed from the monster's cavern ; slew worms and dragons manifold ; was dragged to the bottom by the old-wife ; and seizing a magic sword, which lay among the treasures of that realm of wonders, with one fell blow, let her heathen soul out of its bone-house, (*ban-hus.*) Having thus freed the land from the giants, Beowulf, laden with gifts and treasures, departed homeward, as if nothing special had happened ; and, after the death of King Higelac, ascended the throne of the Scylfings. Here the poem should end, and, we doubt not, did originally end. But, as it has come down to us, eleven more cantos follow, containing a new series of adventures. Beowulf has grown old. He has reigned fifty years ; and now, in his gray old age, is troubled by the devastations of a monstrous Fire-drake, so that his metropolis is beleaguered, and he can no longer fly his hawks and merles in the open country. He resolves, at length, to fight with this Fire-drake ; and, with the help

\* "Hú hit Hring-Dene  
æfter beor-thege  
ge-bún hæfdon."  
*Canto ii. v. 232.*

of his attendant, Wiglaf, overcomes him. The land is made rich by the treasures found in the dragon's cave : but Beowulf dies of his wounds.

Thus departs Beowulf, the Sea-Goth ; of the world-kings the mildest to men, the strongest of hand, the most clement to his people, the most desirous of glory. And thus closes the oldest epic in any modern language ; written in forty-three cantos and some six thousand lines. The outline, here given, is filled up with abundant episodes and warlike details. We have ale-revels, and giving of bracelets, and presents of mares, and songs of bards. The battles with the Grendel and the Fire-drake are minutely described ; as likewise are the dwellings and rich treasure-houses of these monsters. The fire-stream flows with lurid light ; the dragon breathes out flame and pestilential breath ; the gigantic sword, forged by the Jutes of old, dissolves and thaws like an icicle in the hero's grasp ; and the swart raven tells the eagle how he farred with the fell wolf at the death-feast. Such is, in brief, the machinery of the poem.

We subjoin the third canto entire, as a specimen of the work. The whole passage has a high epic character. Beowulf sets sail for Jutland. We can almost smell the brine, and hear the sea-breeze blow, and see the mainland stretch out its jutting promontories, those sea-noses (*sæ-næssas*), as the poet calls them, into the blue waters of the solemn main.

Thus then much care-worn  
the son of Healfden  
sorrowed evermore,  
nor might the prudent hero  
his woes avert.  
The war was too hard,  
too loath and longsome,  
that on the people came,  
dire wrath and grim,  
of night-woes the worst.  
This from home heard  
Higelac's Thane,  
good among the Goths,  
Grendel's deeds.  
He was of mankind  
in might the strongest,  
at that day  
of this life,

noble and stalwart.  
He bade him a sea-ship,  
a goodly one, prepare.  
Quoth he, the war-king,  
over the swan's road,  
seek he would  
the mighty monarch,  
since he wanted men.  
For him that journey  
his prudent fellows,  
straight made ready,  
those that loved him.  
They excited their souls,  
the omen they beheld.  
Had the good-man  
of the Gothic people  
champions chosen,  
of those that keenest

he might find,  
some fifteen men.  
The sea-wood sought he.  
The warrior shewed,  
sea-crafty man !  
the land-marks,  
and first went forth.  
The ship was on the waves,  
boat under the cliffs.  
The barons ready  
to the prow mounted,  
the streams they whirled,  
the sea against the sands.  
The chieftains bore  
on the naked breast,\*  
bright ornaments,  
war-gear, Goth-like.  
The men shewed off,  
men on their willing way,  
the bounden wood.

Then went over the sea—  
hurried by the wind, [waves  
the ship with foamy neck,  
most like a sea-fowl,  
till about one hour  
of the second day,  
the curved prow  
had passed onward  
so that the sailors  
the land saw,  
the shore-cliffs shining,  
mountains steep,  
and broad sea-noses.  
Then was the sea-sailing  
of the Earl † at an end.

Then up speedily  
the Weather people  
on the land went,  
the sea-bark moored,

their mail-sarks shook,  
their war-weeds.  
God thanked they,  
that to them the sea-journey  
easy had been.

Then from the wall beheld  
the warden of the Scyldings,  
he who the sea-cliffs  
had in his keeping,  
bear o'er the balks  
the bright shields,  
the war-weapons speedily.  
Him the doubt disturbed  
in his mind's thought,  
what these men might be.

Went then to the shore  
on his steed riding  
the Thane of Hrothgar.  
Before the host he shook  
his warden's-staff in hand,  
in measured words demanded;

“ What men are ye  
war-gear wearing,  
host in harness,  
who thus the brown keel  
over the water-street  
leading come  
hither over the sea ?  
I these boundaries  
as shore-warden hold ;  
that in the Land of the Danes  
nothing loathsome,  
with a ship-crew  
scathe us might....  
Ne'er saw I mightier  
Earl upon earth  
than is your own,  
hero in harness.  
Not seldom this warrior

\* Thorkelin and Conybeare render this line, *In sinum navis vacuum*. We venture on a new reading, mindful of ancient costume, and how

“ A painted vest prince Vortigern had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.”

† We do not give this as a translation of the unknown word *Eðletes*, but to supply the blank. As this word has not been found elsewhere, may it not possibly be an error of transcription for *Earles*?

is in weapons distinguished ;      farther fare.  
 never his beauty belies him,      Now ye dwellers afar-off !  
 his peerless countenance !      ye sailors of the sea !  
 Now would I fain      listen to my  
 your origin know      one-fold thought.  
 e'er ye forth      Quickest is best  
 as false spies      to make known  
 into the Land of the Danes      whence your coming may be.

We fear, that many of our readers will see very little poetry in all this ; for which we shall be very sorry. Perhaps what follows may please them more ; and seem more poetical. Meanwhile we would inform them, that a new and very beautiful edition of *Beowulf* has been lately published by John M. Kemble, of Trinity College, Cambridge,\* who, in his preface, exhorts the reader “to judge this poem, not by the measure of our times and creeds, but those of the times which it describes ; as a rude, but very faithful picture of an age, wanting indeed in scientific knowledge, in mechanical expertness, even in refinement ; but brave, generous, and right-principled ; assuring him of what I well know, that these echoes from the deserted temples of the past, if listened to in a sober and understanding spirit, bring with them matter both strengthening and purifying the heart.”\*

The next work, to which we would call the attention of our readers is very remarkable, both in a philological and in a poetical point of view ; being written in a more ambitious style than *Beowulf*. It is Cædmon’s *Paraphrase of Portions of Holy Writ*. Cædmon was a monk in the Monastery of Whitby. He died in the year 680. The only account we have of his life and writings is that given by the Venerable Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History*. The following translation of the passage is from Mr. Thorpe’s Preface, where the original Latin and King Alfred’s Anglo-Saxon version are also given.

\* The title is placed at the head of this Article.

† Grundtvig, a modern Danish poet, has paraphrased the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf*, and produced a brilliant heroic poem in ten cantos, of various metre. It was published at Copenhagen, under the title ; *Bjowulf's Drape, Et Gotisk Helte-Digt fra forrige, Aar-Tusinde af Angel-Saxisk paa Danske Riim*, ved NIK. FRED. SEV. GRUNDTVIG. Kjøbenhavn. 1820.

"In this Abbess's\* Minster † was a certain brother extraordinarily magnified and honored with a divine gift ; for he was wont to make fitting songs which conduced to religion and piety ; so that whatever he learned through clerks of the holy writings, that he, after a little space, would usually adorn with the greatest sweetness and feeling, and bring forth in the English tongue ; and by his songs the minds of many men were often inflamed with contempt for the world, and with desire of heavenly life. And, moreover, many others after him, in the English nation, sought to make pious songs ; but yet none could do like to him, for he had not been taught from men, nor through men, to learn the poetic art ; but he was divinely aided, and through God's grace received the art of song. And he therefore never might make aught of leasing or of idle poems, but just those only which conduced to religion, and which it became his pious tongue to sing. The man was placed in worldly life until the time that he was of mature age, and had never learned any poem ; and he therefore often in convivial society, ‡ when, for the sake of mirth, it was resolved that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp approaching him, then for shame he would rise from the assembly and go home to his house.

"When he so on a certain time did, that he left the house of the convivial meeting, and was gone out to the stall of the cattle, the care of which that night had been committed to him, — when he there, at proper time, placed his limbs on the bed and slept, then stood some man by him, in a dream, and hailed and greeted him, and named him by his name, [saying,] 'Cædmon, sing me something.' Then he answered and said, 'I cannot sing any thing, and therefore I went out from this convivial meeting, and retired hither, because I could not.' Again he who was speaking with him said, 'Yet thou must sing to me.' Said he, 'What shall I sing ?' Said he, 'Sing me the origin of things.' When he received this answer, then he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the Creator, the verses and the words which he had never heard, the order of which is this ;

Now must we praise the Guardian of heaven's king- the Creator's might, [dom, and his mind's thought ;	glorious Father of men ! as of every wonder he, Lord eternal, formed the beginning.
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"\* Hilda."

"† Whitby."

"‡ Literally *Beership*, see *Leges Inæ apud Wilkins*, p. 16; and *Tacit. Germ.* 22, 23."

He first framed  
for the children of earth  
the heaven as a roof ;  
holy Creator !  
then mid-earth,

the Guardian of mankind,  
the eternal Lord,  
afterwards produced ;  
the earth for men,  
Lord Almighty ! '

" Then he arose from sleep, and had fast in mind all that he sleeping had sung, and to those words forthwith joined many words of song worthy of God in the same measure.

" Then came he in the morning to the town-reeve, who was his superior, and said to him what gift he had received ; and he forthwith led him to the abbess, and told, and made that known to her. Then she bade all the most learned men and the learners to assemble, and in their presence bade him tell the dream, and sing the poem ; that, by the judgment of them all, it might be determined why or whence that was come. Then it seemed to them all, so as it was, that to him, from the Lord himself, a heavenly gift had been given. Then they expounded to him and said some holy history, and words of godly lore ; then bade him, if he could, to sing some of them, and turn them into the melody of song. When he had undertaken the thing, then went he home to his house, and came again in the morning, and sang and gave to them, adorned with the best poetry, what had been bidden him. Then began the abbess to make much of and love the grace of God in the man ; and she then exhorted and instructed him to forsake worldly life and take to monkhood ; and he that well approved. And she received him into the minster with his goods, and associated him with the congregation of those servants of God, and caused him to be taught the series of the Holy History and Gospel ; and he all that he could learn by hearing meditated with himself, and, as a clean animal, ruminating, turned into the sweetest verse ; and his song and his verse were so winsome to hear, that his teachers themselves wrote and learned from his mouth. He first sang of earth's creation, and of the origin of mankind, and all the history of Genesis, which is the first book of Moses, and then of the departure of the people of Israel from the Egyptians' land, and of the entrance of the land of promise, and of many other histories of the canonical books of Holy Writ ; and of Christ's incarnation, and of his passion, and of his ascension into heaven ; and of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the doctrine of the Apostles ; and also of the terror of the doom to come, and the fear of hell-torment, and the sweetness of the heavenly kingdom, he made many poems ; and, in like manner, many others of the divine bene-

fits and judgments he made ; in all which he earnestly took care to draw men from the love of sins and wicked deeds, and to excite to a love and desire of good deeds ; for he was a very pious man, and to regular disciplines humbly subjected ; and against those who in other wise would act, he was inflamed with the heat of great zeal ; and he therefore with a fair end his life closed and ended.

“ For when the time approached of his decease and departure, then was he for fourteen days ere that oppressed and troubled with bodily infirmity ; yet so moderately, that, during all that time, he could both speak and walk. There was in the neighbourhood a house for infirm men, in which it was their custom to bring the infirm, and those who were on the point of departure, and there attend to them together. Then bade he his servant, on the eve of the night that he was going from the world, to prepare him a place in that house, that he might rest ; whereupon the servant wondered why he this bade, for it seemed to him that his departure was not so near ; yet he did as he said and commanded. And when he there went to bed, and in joyful mood was speaking some things, and joking together with those who were therein previously, then it was over midnight that he asked, whether they had the eucharist within. They answered, ‘ What need is to thee of the eucharist ? thy departure is not so near, now thou thus cheerfully, and thus gladly, art speaking to us.’ Again he said, ‘ Bring me nevertheless the eucharist.’ When he had it in his hands, he asked, whether they had all a placid mind and kind, and without any ill-will towards him. Then they all answered, and said, that they knew of no ill-will towards him, but they all were very kindly disposed ; and they besought him in turn that he would be kindly disposed to them all. Then he answered and said, ‘ My beloved brethren, I am very kindly disposed to you and all God’s men.’ And he thus was strengthening himself with the heavenly viaticum, and preparing himself an entrance into another life. Again he asked, ‘ How near it was to the hour that the brethren must rise and teach the people of God, and sing their nocturns ? ’ They answered, ‘ It is not far to that.’ He said, ‘ It is well, let us await the hour.’ And then he prayed, and signed himself with Christ’s cross, and reclined his head on the bolster, and slept for a little space ; and so with stillness ended his life. And thus it was, that as he with pure and calm mind and tranquil devotion had served God, that he, in like manner, left the world with as calm a death, and went to his presence ; and the tongue that had composed so many holy words in the Creator’s praise, he, then, in like manner, its last words

closed in his praise, crossing himself, and committing his soul into his hands. Thus it is seen that he was conscious of his own departure, from what we have now heard say.”—pp. xix—xxix.

Thus lived and died the Monk of Whitby. By some he is called the Father of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, because his name stands first in the history of Saxon song-craft ; by others, the Milton of our Forefathers ; because he sang of Lucifer and the Loss of Paradise. The resemblance goes no farther than this ; he is a Milton in his theme only.

The poem is divided into two books. The first is nearly complete, and contains a paraphrase of parts of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. The second is so mutilated as to be only a series of unconnected fragments. It contains scenes from the New Testament, and is chiefly occupied with Christ’s descent into the lower regions ; a favorite theme in old times, and well known in the history of miracle-plays, as the “Harrowing of Hell.” The author is a pious, prayerful monk ; “an awful, reverend, and religious man.” He has all the simplicity of a child. He calls his Creator the Blithe-heart King ; the patriarchs, Earls ; and their children, Noblemen. Abraham is a wise-heedy man, a guardian of bracelets, a mighty earl ; and his wife Sarah, a woman of elfin-beauty. The sons of Reuben are called Sea-Pirates. A laugher is a laughter-smith (*hleahtor-smith*) ; the Ethiopians, a people brown with the hot coals of heaven, (*brune leode hatum heofon-colum.*)

Striking poetic epithets and passages are not, however, wanting. They are sprinkled here and there throughout the narrative. The sky is called the roof of nations, the roof adorned with stars. After the overthrow of Pharaoh and his folk, he says, the blue air was with corruption tainted, and *the bursting ocean whooped a bloody storm.* Nebuchadnezzar is described as *a naked, unwilling wanderer, a wondrous wretch and weedless.* Horrid ghosts, swart and sinful,

“Wide through windy halls  
Wail woful.”

And, in the sack of Sodom, we are told, how many a fearful, pale-faced damsel *must trembling go into a stranger’s embrace* ; and how fell the defenders of brides and bracelets, *sick with wounds.* Indeed, whenever the author has a battle to describe, and hosts of arm-bearing and war-faring men

draw from their sheaths the ring-hilted sword of edges  
doughty (*hring-mæled sveord ecgum dihtig*), he enters into  
the matter with so much spirit, that one almost imagines he  
sees, looking from under that monkish cowl, the visage of  
no parish priest, but of a grim war-wolf, as the brave were  
called, in the days when Cædmon wrote.

We will not, however, confine ourselves to such criticism  
as this, but extract here, as a specimen of Cædmon's power,  
a part of the Flight of the Israelites, which is one of the best  
portions of the work.

“Loud was the shout of the host,  
the heavenly beacon rose each evening.

Another stupendous wonder!—

After the sun's setting course, they beheld over the people, a flame to shine, a burning pillar; pale stood over the archers the clear beams, the bucklers shone.

The shades prevailed; yet the falling nightly shadows

might not near shroud the gloom.

The heavenly candle burnt, the new night-ward must by compulsion rest over the hosts, lest them horror of the waste, the hoar heath

with its raging storms, should overwhelm, their souls fail.

“Had their harbinger fiery locks, pale beams; a cry of dread resounded

in the martial host, at the hot flame, that it in the waste would burn up the host, unless they zealously Moses obeyed.

“Shone the bright host, the shields gleamed; the bucklered warriors saw in a straight course the sign over the bands, till that the sea-barrier, at the land's end, the people's force withheld, suddenly, on their onward way.

“A camp arose; — they cast them weary down; approached with sustenance the bold sewers; \* they their strength repaired, spread themselves about, after the trumpet sang, the sailors in the tents.

“Then was the fourth station, the shielded warriors' rest, by the Red Sea.”

— pp. 184 – 186.

“Then of his men the mind became despondent, after that they saw, from the south ways, the host of Pharaoh coming forth,

“\* Literally, *meat-thanes*. ”

moving over the holt,  
the band glittering.  
They prepared their arms,  
the war advanced,  
bucklers glittered,  
trumpets sang,  
standards rattled,  
they trod the nation's frontier.  
Around them screamed  
the fowls of war,  
greedy of battle,  
dewy-feathered,  
over the bodies of the host,  
(*the dark chooser of the slain;*) \*

the wolves sung  
their horrid evensong,  
in hopes of food,  
the reckless beasts,  
*threatening death to the valiant;* \*  
on the foes' track flew  
*the army-fowl.* \*

" The march-wards cried  
at midnight ;  
*flew the spirit of death;* \*  
the people were hemmed in.

" At length of that host

the proud thanes  
*met mid the paths,\**  
in bendings of the boundaries ;  
to them there the banner-  
king  
marched with the standard,  
the prince of men  
rode the marches with his  
band ;  
the warlike guardian of the  
people  
clasped his grim helm,  
the king, his visor.  
The banners glittered  
in hopes of battle ;  
slaughter shook the proud.  
He bade his warlike band  
bear them boldly,  
the firm body.  
The enemy saw  
with hostile eyes  
the coming of the natives :  
about him moved  
fearless warriors.  
The hoar army wolves  
the battle hailed,  
thirsty for the brunt of war."

— pp. 187 — 189.

Cædmon's *Paraphrase* was first published by Francis Junius, in Amsterdam. † The text of Mr. Thorpe's edition is founded on a careful collation of that of Junius with the Bodleian Manuscript. It has been printed with great beauty, under the superintendence of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Fac-simile engravings of the illuminations in the old manuscript accompany the work. ‡

We must not pass from this subject without mentioning,

\* Conjectural reading.

† *Cœdmonis Monachi Paraphrasis poetica Genesios ac præcipuarum Sacrae Paginæ Historiarum, abhinc annos MLXX Anglo-Saxonice conscripta, et nunc primum edita a FRANCISCO JUNIO. F. F. Amstelodami: 1655.*

‡ *Cædmon's Metrical Paraphrase of Parts of the Holy Scriptures, in Anglo-Saxon; with an English Translation, Notes, and a Verbal Index, by BENJAMIN THORPE, F. S. A. London. 1832. 8vo.*

that the authenticity of these remains has been called in question, or, perhaps we should say, denied by Hickes and others. They suppose the work to belong to as late a period as the tenth century, on account of its similarity in style and dialect to other poems of that age. Besides, the fragment of the ancient Cædmon, given by Bede, describing the Creation, does not correspond exactly with the passage on the same subject in the Junian or Pseudo Cædmon ; and, moreover, Hickes says he has detected so many Dano-Saxon words and phrases in it, that he “cannot but think it was written by some Northumbrian (in the Saxon sense of the word), after the Danes had corrupted their language.” \* Mr. Thorpe replies very conclusively to all this ; that the language of the poem is as pure Anglo-Saxon as that of Alfred himself ; that the Danisms exist only in the “imagination of the learned author of the *Thesaurus*” ; and that, if they were really to be found in the work under consideration, it would prove no more, than that the manuscript was a copy made by a Northumbrian scribe, at a period when the language had become corrupted. As to the passage in Bede, the original of Cædmon was not given ; only a Latin translation by Bede, which Alfred, in his version of the Venerable historian, has re-translated into Anglo-Saxon. Hence the difference between these lines and the opening lines of the poem. We confess our own opinion coincides with that of Mr. Thorpe. In its themes the poem corresponds exactly with that which Bede informs us Cædmon wrote ; and its claim to authenticity can hardly be destroyed by such objections as have been brought against it. †

Such are the two great narrative poems of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Of a third, a short fragment remains. It is a mutilated thing ; a mere *torso*. Judith of the Apocrypha is

\* *Letter to Bishop Nicholson*, in Thorpe’s Preface, p. ix.

† The creation of the world, seems to have been a favorite theme with Anglo-Saxon poets. In the poem of *Beowulf* the bards at the court of Hrothgar are described as singing this high theme.

“ Thær wæs hearpan sweg  
swutol sang scópes  
sægde se the cūthe  
frum-sceaft fíra  
feorran reccan  
cwæth that se æl-mihtiga  
eorthan worhte,” etc.

Canto I. v. 178.

the heroine. The part preserved describes the death of Holophernes in a fine, brilliant style, delighting the hearts of all Anglo-Saxon scholars. The original will be found in Mr. Thorpe's *Analecta*; and translations of some passages in Turner's *History*. But a more important fragment, in our opinion, is that on the *Death of Byrhtnoth*, at the battle of Maldon. This, likewise, is in Thorpe; and a prose translation is given by Conybeare in his *Illustrations*. It savors of rust and of antiquity. It smells of mortality; like *Old Hildebrand* in German. What a fine passage is this, spoken by an aged vassal over the dead body of the hero, in the thickest of the fight!

“Byrhtwold spoke; he was an aged vassal; he raised his shield; he brandished his ashen spear; he full boldly exhorted the warriors. ‘Our spirit shall be the harder, our heart shall be the keener, our soul shall be the greater, the more our forces diminish. Here lieth our chief all mangled; the brave one in the dust; ever may he lament his shame that thinketh to fly from this play of weapons! Old am I in life, yet will I not stir hence; but I think to lie by the side of my lord, by that much loved man!’”

Shorter than either of these fragments is a third on the *Fight of Finsborough*. Its chief value seems to be, that it relates to the same action, which formed the theme of one of Hrothgar's bards in *Beowulf*.\* Mr. Conybeare has given it a place in his work. In addition to these narrative poems and fragments, two others, founded on Lives of Saints, are mentioned, though they have never been published. They are the *Life and Passion of St. Juliana*: and the *Visions of the Hermit Guthlac*. The very names pique our curiosity exceedingly. We are sure that in those Visions of the Hermit Guthlac lies hidden much strange lore.

There is another narrative poem, which we must mention here on account of its subject, though of a much later date than the foregoing. It is the *Chronicle of King Lear and his Daughters*, in Norman-Saxon; not rhymed throughout, but with rhymes too often recurring to be accidental. As a poem, it has no merit, but shows that the story of Lear is very old; for, in speaking of the old King's death and burial, it refers to a previous account, “as the book telleth,” (*ase*

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\* See Canto XVI.

*the bock telleth.)* Cordelia is married to Aganippus, king of France ; and after his death reigns over England, though Maglaudus, king of Scotland, declares, that it is a “muckle shame, that a *queen* should be *king* over the land.”\*

Besides these long, elaborate poems, the Anglo-Saxons had their odes and ballads. Thus, when King Canute was sailing by the abbey of Ely, he heard the voices of the monks, chanting their vesper hymn. Whereupon he sang, in the best Anglo-Saxon he was master of, the following rhyme ;

“ Merry sang the monks in Ely,  
As King Canute was steering by.  
Row, ye knights, near the land,  
And hear we these monks’ song.”†

The best, and properly speaking perhaps, the only Anglo-Saxon odes we have, are those preserved in the *Saxon Chronicle*, in recording the events they celebrate. They are five in number. Æthelstan’s Victory at Brunanburh, A. D. 938 ; the Victories of Edmund Ætheling, A. D. 942 ; the Coronation of King Edgar, A. D. 973 ; the Death of King Edgar, A. D. 975 ; and the Death of King Edward, A. D. 1065. The Battle of Brunanburh is already pretty well known by the numerous English versions, and attempts thereat, which have been given of it. Warton, Turner, and Ingram, have each translated it. Mr. Henshall, likewise, in Ellis’s *Specimens of English Poets*, presented to the world an attempt at a translation ; — and, perhaps, the most unsuccessful attempt ever made in any language. Last of all, Mr. Price, in his edition of *Warton’s History of English Poetry*, has given what is generally considered the most accurate version, although the text is nearly hidden by a vast scaffolding of illustrations, and almost every line propped up by a double column of notes. We consider this ode, as one of the most characteristic specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry. What a striking picture is that of the lad with flaxen hair, mangled

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\* “For hit was swithe mochel same,  
and eke hit was mochel grame,  
that a cwene solde  
be king in thisse land.”

† “Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,  
Tha Cnut ching reuther by;  
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,  
And here we thes muneches sang.”

with wounds ; and of the seven earls of Anlaf, and the five young kings, lying on the battle-field, lulled asleep by the sword ! Indeed, the whole ode is striking, bold, graphic. The furious onslaught ; the cleaving of the wall of shields ; the hewing down of banners ; the din of the fight ; the hard hand-play ; the retreat of the Northmen, in nailed ships, over the stormy sea ; and the deserted dead, on the battle-ground, left to the swart raven, the war-hawk, and the wolf ; — all these images appeal strongly to the imagination. The bard has nobly described this victory of the illustrious war-smiths (*wlance wig-smithas*), the most signal victory since the coming of the Saxons into England ; so say the books of the old wise men. We will copy this ode entire. For the others we refer our readers to Mr. Ingram's edition of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.

“ *Æthelstan the king,  
lord of earls,  
bracelet-giver of barons,  
and his brother eke,  
Eadmund the prince,  
very illustrious chieftain,  
combated in battle,  
with edges of swords,  
near Brunanburh.  
They clove the board-wall,  
hewed the high lindens,  
with relics of hammers (i. e.  
swords),  
the children of Edward.  
Such was to them (their na-  
tive nobility,  
from their ancestors,  
that they in battle oft,  
against every foe [loathed one],  
the land preserved,  
hoard and homes,  
the enemy crushed.  
The Scottish people,  
and the mariners,  
fated fell.  
The field ———,  
with warriors' blood,  
since the sun up,*

*on morrow-tide,  
mighty planet,  
glided over grounds,  
bright candle of God,  
of the eternal Lord ;  
till the noble creature,  
sank to her seat [settle].  
There lay many a warrior,  
strewed by darts,  
northern man,  
shot over the shield.  
So Scottish eke,  
weary of war — .  
The West-Saxons forth,  
the continuous day,  
in battalions,  
laid on the foot-steps,  
to the loathed race.  
They hewed the fugitives,  
hindwards exceedingly,  
with swords mill-sharp.  
The Mercians refused not,  
of the hard hand-play,  
to none of the men,  
of those who with Anlaf,  
over the ocean,  
in the ship's bosom,  
sought our land,*

fated to the fight.  
 Five lay,  
 on the battle-stead,  
 young kings,  
 soothed with swords.  
 So seven eke,  
 earls of Anlaf's ;  
 numberless of the army,  
 of sailors and Scots.  
 There was chased away,  
 the leader of the Northmen,  
 compelled by need,  
 to the ship's prow,  
 with a little band.  
 The ship drove afloat,  
 the king departed out,  
 on the fallow flood,  
 preserved his life.  
 So there also the sapient one,  
 by flight came,  
 on his country north,  
 Constantine,  
 hoary warrior.  
 He needed not to boast,  
 of the commerce of swords.  
 Here was his kindred troop,  
 of friends destroyed [felled,]  
 on the folk-stead,  
 slain in battle ;  
 and his son he left,  
 on the slaughter-place,  
 mangled with wounds,  
 young in the fight.  
 He needed not to boast,  
 bairn blended-haired,  
 of the bill-clashing,  
 old deceiver ;  
 nor Anlaf any more,  
 with the relics of their armies,  
 needed not to laugh,  
 that they of warlike works,  
 better men were,  
 on the battle-stead,  
 at the conflict of banners,

the meeting of spears,  
 the assembly of men,  
 the interchange of weapons,  
 of that which they on the  
 slaughter-field,  
 with Edward's,  
 children played.  
 The Northmen departed,  
 in their nailed ships,  
 gory relic of the darts,  
 on — — —  
 over deep water,  
 Dublin to seek,  
 Ireland again,  
 with a shamed mind.  
 So too the brothers,  
 both together,  
 king and prince,  
 sought their country,  
 land of the West Saxons,  
 of the war exulting.  
 They left behind them,  
 the corse to enjoy,  
 the sallowy — — —  
 the swarth raven,  
 the horned nibbed one ;  
 and the dusky — — —,  
 eagle white behind [after],  
 of the corse to enjoy,  
 greedy war-hawk ;  
 and that gray beast [deer],  
 the wolf on the wold.  
 Nor was there a greater  
 slaughter,  
 on this island,  
 ever yet,  
 of folk felled,  
 before this,  
 by the sword's edges,  
 of that say to us in books,  
 old historians,  
 since eastward hither,  
 Angles and Saxons,  
 up came,

over the broad seas,  
Britain sought,  
splendid war-smiths,  
overcame the Welsh,  
earls exceeding bold [keen],  
obtained the earth.”  
*Warton, I., pp. lxxxvii – ci.*

And here we would make due and honorable mention of the *Poetic Calendar*, and of King Alfred’s *Version of the Metres of Boëthius*; both of which have been lately published, with an English translation and notes, by the Reverend Samuel Fox;\* a gentleman whom we know not, but whom we honor for this phrase in one of his prefaces; “When, however, we consider the difficulties which men, like Junius, Rawlinson, and Hickes, had to contend with, the errors, which they committed, ought to be forgotten in grateful admiration of what they actually accomplished.” The *Poetic Calendar* is a chronicle of great events in the lives of saints, martyrs, and apostles, referred to the days on which they took place. At the end is a very remarkable ode, which we cannot choose but copy here. Mr. Fox’s translation we have never seen. We give Mr. Turner’s;† though, had we made one for ourselves, we should have rendered some lines differently.

“ The King shall hold the Kingdom;  
castles shall be seen afar,  
the work of the minds of giants,  
that are on this earth ;  
the wonderful work of wallstones.

“ The wind is the swiftest in the sky ;  
thunder is the loudest of noises ;  
great is the majesty of Christ ;  
fortune is the strongest ;  
winter is the coldest ;  
spring has most hoar-frost ;  
he is the longest cold ;  
summer sun is most beautiful ;  
the air is then hottest ;  
fierce harvest is the happiest ;

\* *Menologium, or the Poetical Calendar of the Anglo-Saxons. With an English Translation and Notes*, by the Rev. Samuel Fox. 1830. 8vo.  
King Alfred’s *Anglo-Saxon Version of the Metres of Boethius. With an English Translation and Notes*. London : 1835. 8vo.

† *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. Book XII. ch. 1. Ed. 1807. The original may be found in Hickes, *Thesaurus*. Vol. I. p. 203.

it bringeth to men  
the tribute-fruits,  
that to them God sendeth.  
Truth is most deceiving ;  
treasures are most precious,  
gold, to every man ;  
and age is the wisest,  
sagacious from ancient days,  
from having before endured much.  
Woe is a wonderful burthen ;  
clouds roam about ;  
the young Etheling  
good companions shall  
animate to war,  
and to the giving of bracelets.

“ Strength in the earl,  
the sword with the helm  
shall abide battle.  
The hawk in the sea-cliff  
shall live wild ;  
the wolf in the grove ;  
the eagle in the meadow ;  
the boar in the wood,  
powerful with the strength of his tusk.

“ The good man in his country  
will do justice.

With the dart in the hand,  
the spear adorned with gold,  
the gem in the ring  
will stand pendent and curved.

The stream in the waves  
will make a great flood.

The mast in the keel  
will groan with the sail yards.

The sword will be in the bosom,  
the lordly iron ;  
the dragon will rest on his hillock,  
crafty, proud with his ornaments ;  
the fish will in the water  
produce a progeny.

“ The king will in the hall  
distribute bracelets.

The bear will be on the heath  
old and terrible.

The water will from the hill

bring down the grey earth.  
 The army will be together  
 strong with the bravest.  
 Fidelity in the earl ;  
 wisdom in man !  
 The woods will on the ground  
 blow with fruit ;  
 the mountains in the earth  
 will stand green.

“ God will be in heaven  
 the judge of deeds.  
 The door will be to the hall  
 the mouth of the roomy mansion.  
 The round will be on the shield,  
 the fast fortress of the fingers.

“ Fowl aloft  
 will sport in the air ;  
 salmon in the whirlpool  
 will roll with the skate ;  
 the shower in the heavens,  
 mingled with wind,  
 will come on the world.  
 The thief will go out  
 in dark weather.  
 The Thyrs\* will remain in the fen,  
 alone in the land.  
 A maiden with secret arts,  
 a woman, her friend will seek,  
 if she cannot  
 in public grow up  
 so that men may buy her with bracelets.  
 The salt ocean will rage ;  
 the clouds of the supreme Ruler,  
 and the water floods  
 about every land,  
 will flow in expansive streams.

“ Cattle in the earth  
 will multiply and be reared.  
 Stars will in the heavens  
 shine brightly,  
 as their Creator commanded them.

“ God against evil ;  
 youth against age ;

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“ \* A Thyrs was among the Northerns a giant, or wild mountain savage, a sort of evil-being, somewhat supernatural.”

life against death,  
light against darkness,  
army against army,  
enemy against enemies,  
hate against hate,  
shall everywhere contend ;  
sin will steal on.

“ Always will the prudent strive  
about this world’s labor  
to hang the thief ;  
and compensate the more honest,  
for the crime committed  
against mankind.

“ The Creator alone knows  
whither the soul  
shall afterwards roam,  
and all the spirits  
that depart in God.  
After their death-day  
they will abide their judgment  
in their father’s bosom.  
Their future condition  
is hidden and secret.  
God alone knows it,  
the preserving father !  
None again return  
hither to our houses,  
that any truth  
may reveal to man,  
about the nature of the Creator,  
or the people’s habitations of glory  
which he himself inhabits.”

From Alfred’s poetic Version of the *Metres of Boëthius*, we have not room to quote. From his prose translation of the Roman Philosopher’s *Consolations*, we shall make some extracts hereafter.

In addition to these narratives and odes and didactic Poems, there is a vast number of minor poems on various subjects, some of which have been published, though for the most part they still lie asleep in manuscripts ;— hymns, allegories, doxologies, proverbs, enigmas, paraphrases of the Lord’s Prayer, poems on Death and the Day of Judgment, and the like. A great quantity of them is contained in the

celebrated Exeter Manuscript ; a folio given by Bishop Leofric to the Cathedral of Exeter in the eleventh century, and called by the donor, a “ *mycel Enisc boc be gehwylcum thingum on leothwisan geworht*,” *gla* great English book about every thing, composed in verse. A minute account of the contents of this manuscript is given by Conybeare in his *Illustrations*, with numerous extracts. Among these is the beginning of a very singular and striking poem, entitled, *The Soul's Complaint against the Body*. The departed spirit is represented as returning, ghastly and shrieking, to find the body it had left.

“ Cleopath thonne swa cearful caldan reorde, spriceth grimlice gæst to than duste ; ‘ Drugu thu dreorga !	“ Crieth then, so care-worn with cold utterance, and speaketh grimly, the ghost to the dust ; ‘ Dry dust ! thou dreary one !
to hwon dreahest thou me !	how little didst thou labor for me !
Eorthan fynnes eal forweornast, lames gelices. Lyt thu gethotest to won thinne sawle-sith sith-than wurd sith-than heo of lichoman læded wære.” ”	In the foulness of earth thou all wearest away like to the loam ! Little didst thou think how thy soul's journey would be thereafter, when from the body it should be led forth.” ”*

But perhaps the most curious poem in the Exeter Manuscript is the Rhyming Poem, to which we have before alluded. It is published entire in the Introduction to Conybeare's *Illustrations*. We have room for one short extract only.

\* The conception of this poem reminds us of that most appalling “ Ode to a Dead Body,” by Andrea de Basso, a priest of Ferrara ; beginning

“ Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,  
Give up thy body, woman without heart,  
Now that its worldly part  
Is over ; and deaf, blind, and dumb  
To worms thou givest food,  
And, from thine altitude  
Shaken by death's rude touch,  
Makest the grave thy couch.” ”

See Leigh Hunt's very free and spirited translation.— *Poetical Works*, p. 261.

" Swa nu world wendeth ;

Wyrde sendeth,

And hetes henteth ;  
Hælethe scyndeth,  
Wer cynge witeth,  
Wæl gar sliteth,

Flah mah fliteth,  
Flan man hwiteth,  
Burg sorg biteth ;  
Bald ald thwiteth,  
Wræc-fæc writhath,

Wrath ath smiteth ;

Sin-grynd sidath,  
Sæcre [sæaro] fearo glideth,  
Grom torn græfeth,  
Græft hafath,  
Searo hwit solath  
Sumur het colath,  
Fold fela feallath,  
Feond-scire weallath,

Eorth mægen ealdath,  
Ellen colath.  
Me thæt wyrd gewæf,  
And gehwyrt forgeaf  
Thæt ic grofe græf.

And thæt grimme græf  
Flean fæsce ne mæg ;  
Thon flah hred dæg,

Nid grapum nimeth  
Thon seo neah becmeth ;  
Seo me ethles onfonn,

And mec her heardes on  
conn."

" Thus now the world wend-  
eth ;

Fate sendeth [men to their  
doom],

And feuds pursue them ;  
Chieftains oppress,  
War-kings go forth,  
The dart of slaughter pierc-  
eth,

The violent arrow flieth,\*  
The spear smiteth them,  
Sorrow devoureth the city ;  
The bold man in age decays,  
The season of vengeance tor-  
menteth him,

And enmity easily assaileth  
him ;

The abyss of sin increaseth,  
Sudden treachery glideth in,  
Grim rage grieveth,  
Woe possessth,  
Every possession is deceitful,  
Summer's heat groweth cool,  
Many things fall to the ground,  
The portion of strife abound-  
eth,

Earthly power groweth old,  
Courage groweth cold.  
This Fate wove for me,  
And as decreed assigned it,  
That I should grieve with this  
grief.

And the grim grave  
Flesh may not flee ;  
Soon as the rapid day hath  
flown,

Necessity seizeth in her grasp  
When she cometh nigh ;  
She that hath taken me from  
my country,

And here exerciseth me in  
hardship."

pp. xxiii, xxiv.

We shall offer our readers only one more poetical ex-

\* The reader will perceive that our translation, on p. 100, differs a little from Mr. Conybeare's, as here given.

tract. It is of a much later date than the others we have given, being in Norman-Saxon. It is taken from a manuscript volume of "Homilies" in the Bodleian Library. The subject is the Grave. It is Death that speaks.

"For thee was a house built  
 Ere thou wert born,  
 For thee was a mould meant,  
 Ere thou of mother camest.  
 But it is not made ready,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it seen  
 How long it shall be,  
 Now I bring thee  
 Where thou shalt be.  
 Now I shall measure thee  
 And the mould afterwards.

"Thy house is not  
 Highly timbered,  
 It is unhigh and low,  
 When thou art therein,  
 The heel-ways are low,  
 The side-ways unhigh.  
 The roof is built  
 Thy breast full nigh,  
 So thou shalt in mould  
 Dwell full cold  
 Dimly and dark.

'Doorless is that house  
 And dark it is within ;  
 There thou art fast detained,  
 And Death hath the key.  
 Loathsome is that earth-house,  
 And grim within to dwell.  
 There thou shalt dwell,  
 And worms shall divide thee.

"Thus thou art laid  
 And leavest thy friends ;  
 Thou hast no friend,  
 Who will come to thee,  
 Who will ever see  
 How that house pleaseth thee ;  
 Who will ever open  
 For thee the door

And descend after thee,  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.” \*

We now come to Anglo-Saxon Prose. At the very boundary of this portion of our subject, stand two great works, like landmarks. These are the *Saxon Laws*, promulgated by the various kings, that ruled the land ; † and the *Saxon Chronicle*, ‡ in which all great historic events, from the middle of the fifth to the middle of the twelfth century, are recorded by contemporary writers, mainly, it would seem, the monks of Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury. § To review these works, valuable and important as they are, comes not within our plan. If it did, we fear our readers would write at the end, as Gervase of Canterbury did at the end of his first Chronicle, *Finito libro reddatur gratia Christo*. To historians, therefore, and lawgivers, we leave these works. And, setting these aside, doubtless the most important remains of Anglo-Saxon Prose are the writings of King Alfred the Great.

What a sublime old character was King Alfred ! Alfred, the Truth-teller ! Thus the ancient historian surnamed him, as others were surnamed the Unready, Ironside, Harefoot. The principal events of his life are known to all men ; — the nine battles fought in the first year of his reign ; his flight to the marshes and forests of Somersetshire ; his poverty and suffering, wherein was fulfilled the prophecy of St. Neot, that he should “ be bruised like the ears of wheat ” ; his life with the swineherd, whose wife bade him turn the cakes, that they might not be burnt, for she saw daily that he was a

\* For the original text, see Conybeare’s *Illustrations*, page 271, and Thorpe’s *Analecta*, page 142.

† *Leges Anglo-Saxonicae Ecclesiasticae et Civiles; et Notas, versionem et glossarium adjecit David Wilkins*. London : 1721. Folio.

‡ *The Saxon Chronicle, with an English Translation, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory*. By the Rev. J. INGRAM. London : 1823. 4to.

The style of this Chronicle rises at times far above that of most monkish historians. For instance, in recording the death of William the Conqueror, the writer says ; “ Sharp death, that passes by neither rich men nor poor, seized him also. Alas ! how false and how uncertain is this world’s weal ! He that was before a rich king, and lord of many lands, had not then of all his land more than a space of seven feet ! and he that was whilom enshrouded in gold and gems, lay there covered with mould.” A.D. 1087.

§ See, on this subject, *Ancient History, English and French, exemplified in a Regular Dissection of the Saxon Chronicle, &c., wherein the principal Saxon Annalists are now (for the first time) identified*. London ; 1830. 8vo.

great eater ; \* his successful rally ; his victories, and his future glorious reign ; these things are known to all men. And not only these, which are events in his life, but also many more, which are traits in his character, and controlled events ; as, for example, that he was a wise and virtuous man ; a religious man ; a learned man for that age. Perhaps they know, even, how he measured time with his six horn lanterns ; and, moreover, was an author and wrote many books. But of these books how few persons have read even a single line ! And yet it is well worth one's while, if he wish to see all the calm dignity of that great man's character, and how in him the scholar and the man outshone the king. For example, do we not know him better, and honor him more, when we hear from his own lips, as it were, such sentiments as these ? “God has made all men equally noble in their original nature. True nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh. I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and after my life, to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works !”

The chief writings of this Royal Author are his translations of Gregory's *Pastoralis*, or *Herdsman's Book* ; Boëthius's *Consolations of Philosophy*, Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* ; and the *History of Orosius* ; known in manuscripts by the mysterious title of *Hormesta*. Of these works the most remarkable is the Boëthius ; so much of his own mind has Alfred infused into it. Properly speaking, it is not so much a translation as a gloss or paraphrase ; for the Saxon king, upon his throne, had a soul, which was near akin to that of the last of the Roman philosophers in his prison. He had suffered, and could sympathize with suffering humanity. He adorned and carried out still farther the reflections of Boëthius. He begins his task, however, with an apology, saying, “Alfred, king, was translator of this book, and turned it from book-latin into English, as he most plainly and clearly could, amid the various and manifold worldly occupations, which often busied him in mind and body ;” and ends with a prayer, beseeching God, “by the sign of the holy cross, and by the virginity of the blessed Mary, and by the obedience of the blessed Michael, and by the love of all the saints

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\* “Wend thu thaō hlafes, tha he ne forborenen, fortham ic geseo dei-  
ghamlice tha thu mycel ete eart.” — Asser, *Life of Alfred*. ap. Turner.

and their merits," that his mind might be made steadfast to the divine will and his own soul's need. From this work we subjoin a few extracts.\*

"Observe now the sun, and also the other heavenly bodies. When the swarthy clouds come before them, they cannot give their light. So, also, the south wind sometimes with a great storm troubles the sea, which before, in serene weather, was transparent as glass to behold. When it, then, is so mingled with the billows, it is very quickly unpleasant, though it before was pleasant to look upon. So, also, is the brook, though it be strong in its right course, when a great rock, rolling down from the high mountain, falls into it, and divides it, and hinders it from its right course. In like manner, does the darkness of thy trouble now withstand my enlightened precepts. But, if thou art desirous, with right faith, to know the true light ; put away from thee the evil and vain joys, and also the vain sorrows and the evil fear of this world ; that is, that thou lift not thyself up with arrogance, in thy health and in thy prosperity ; nor, again, despair of good in any adversity. For the mind is ever bound with misery, if, of these two evils, either reigns."

p. 23.

"When Wisdom had sung this lay he was silent, and the Mind then answered, and thus said ; O Reason, indeed thou knowest, that covetousness and the greatness of this earthly power never well pleased me, nor did I very much endeavour after this earthly authority. But I was nevertheless desirous of materials for the work which I was commanded to perform ; to the end that I might honorably and fitly steer and exercise the power which was committed to me. Moreover thou knowest that no man can show any craft, or exercise or steer any power, without tools and materials. That is, of every craft, the materials, without which man cannot exercise the craft. This then is a king's materials and his tools to reign with ; that he have his land well peopled. He must have prayer-men, and soldiers, and workmen. Thou knowest, that without these tools no king can show his craft. This is also his materials, which he must have, besides the tools ; provision for the three classes. This is then their provision ; land to inhabit, and gifts, and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and whatsoever is necessary for the three classes. He cannot without these preserve the tools, nor without the tools work any of the things which he is commanded to perform. Therefore I was desirous of materials wherewith to exercise the

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\* The reader will find passages from the translations of Bede and Orosius, in Thorpe's *Analecta*. An edition of Alfred's *Orosius*, with an English translation by Daines Barrington, has been published. London : 1773. 8vo.

power, that my talents and power might not be forgotten and concealed. For every craft and every power is soon grown old and passed in silence, if it be without wisdom ; for no man can fulfil any craft without wisdom. Because whatsoever is done through folly, no one can ever reckon for craft. — This is now especially to be said ; that *I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and after my life to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works.*"— pp. 91, 93.

" When Wisdom had made this speech, he began again to sing, and thus said ; Whosoever desires fully to possess power, ought to labor first, that he have power over his own mind, and be not indecently subject to his vices. Also let him put away from his mind unbecoming solicitudes, and desist from complaints of his misfortunes. Though he reign over all the middle-earth, from eastward to westward, from India which is the southeast end of this middle-earth, to the island which we call Thule, which is at the northwest end of this middle-earth, where there is neither night in summer nor day in winter ; though he rule even all this, he has not the more power, if he has not power over his mind, and if he does not guard himself against the vices, which we have before spoken about.

" When Wisdom had sung this song, he began again to make a speech, and said ; Worthless and very false is the glory of this world ! Concerning this a certain poet formerly sung. When he contemned this present life, he said ; O, glory of this world ! wherefore do erring men call thee, with false voice, glory, when thou art none ! — For man more frequently has great renown, and great glory, and great honor, through the opinion of the unwise people, than he has through his deserts. But tell me now, what is more unmeet than this ; or why men may not rather be ashamed of themselves than rejoice, when they hear that any one belies them. Though men even rightly praise any one of the good, he ought not the sooner to rejoice immoderately at the people's words. But at this he ought to rejoice, that they speak truth of him. Though he rejoice at this, that they spread his name, it is not the sooner so extensively spread as he persuades himself ; for they cannot spread it over all the earth, though they may in some land ; for, though it be to one known, yet is it to another unknown. Though he in this land be celebrated, yet is he in another not celebrated. Therefore is the people's favor to be held by every man for nothing ; since it comes not to every man according to his deserts, nor indeed remains always to any one. Consider, first, concerning noble birth. If any one

boast of it, how vain and how useless is the boast ; for every one knows that all men come from one father and from one mother. Or, again, concerning the people's favor, and concerning their applause. I know not why we rejoice at it. Though they whom the vulgar applaud, be illustrious, yet are they more illustrious and more rightly to be applauded who are dignified by virtues. For no man is really the greater or the more praiseworthy, for the excellence of another, or for his virtue, if he himself has it not. Art thou ever the fairer for another man's fairness ? A man is full little the better though he have a good father, if he himself is incapable of any thing. Therefore I advise that thou rejoice in other men's good and their nobility ; but so far only, that thou ascribe it not to thyself as thy own. Because every man's good, and his nobility, is more in the mind than in the flesh. This only, indeed, I know of good in nobility ; that it shames many a man if he is worse than his ancestors were, and he therefore endeavours with all his power to imitate the manners of some one of the best, and his virtues.

" When Wisdom had finished this speech, he began to sing concerning the same, and said ; Truly all men had like beginning, for they all came from one father and from one mother ; they are all moreover born alike. That is no wonder, because one God is father of all creatures ; for he made them all and governs them all. He gives light to the sun, and to the moon, and places all the stars. He has created men on the earth, joined together the soul and the body by his power, *and made all men equally noble in their original nature.* Why do ye, then, without cause, lift yourselves up above other men, on account of your birth ? when ye can find none unnable, but all are equally noble, if ye are willing to remember the creation, and the Creator, and moreover the birth of every one of you. *But true nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh,* as we have before said. But every man, who is altogether subject to vices, forsakes his Maker, and his first origin, and his nobility, and thence becomes degraded till he is unnable."

pp. 165 - 171.

Other remains of Anglo-Saxon prose exist in the Tale of *Apollonius of Tyre* ;\* the *Bible-translations* and *Colloquies* of Abbot Ælfric ; *Glosses of the Gospels*, at the close of one of which, the conscientious scribe has written, "Aldred,

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\* *The Anglo-Saxon Version of the Story of Apollonius of Tyre, upon which is founded the Play of Pericles, &c. With a literal Translation.* By BENJAMIN THORPE. London : 1824. 12mo.

an unworthy and most miserable priest, with the help of God and St. Cuthbert, overglossed it in English ;” and, finally, various miscellaneous treatises, among which the most curious is a *Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon*. We cannot refrain from giving an extract from this very original and curious document, which bears upon it some of the darkest thumb-marks of the Middle Ages.\*

“ *Here is related, how Saturn and Solomon contended about their Wisdom.*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Tell me, whence was Adam’s name created ?

I say unto thee, from four stars.

Tell me, what were they called ?

I tell thee, Arthox, Dux, Arotholem, Minsymbie.

Tell me, from what matter was Adam, the first man, created ?

I tell thee, from eight pounds weight.

Tell me, what were they ?

I tell thee, the first was a pound of earth ; of that was his flesh made. The second was a pound of fire ; thence was his blood red and hot. The third was a pound of wind ; thence was breath given him. The fourth was a pound of cloud ; thence was given him the unsteadiness of his mind. The fifth was a pound of grease ; thence was given him fat and sinews. The sixth was a pound of [blostnena] ; thence was given him his own varieties. The seventh was a pound of dew ; thence had he sweat. The eighth was a pound of salt ; thence were his salt tears.

Tell me, of what age was Adam when he was created ?

I tell thee, he was thirty winters old.

Tell me, how long was Adam made, in length ?

I tell thee, he was six and ninety inches long.

Tell me, how many winters lived Adam in this world ?

I tell thee, he lived nine hundred and thirty winters, in toil and misery ; and afterwards he went to Hell, and there endured grim torments for five thousand two hundred and eight and twenty winters.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me, what was the name of Noah’s wife ?

I tell thee, her name was Dalila.

And what was Ham’s wife called ?

She was called Iaitarecta.

And what was the name of Japhet’s wife ?

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\* For the original, see Thorpe, *Analecta*, p. 95.

I tell thee, her name was Catafluvia ; and the other three were called Olla, Ollina, and Ollibana.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me, what plant is best and holiest ?

I tell thee, that plant is the lily, because it betokens Christ.

Tell me, what bird is the holiest ?

I tell thee, the dove is the holiest, for it betokens the Holy Ghost.

Tell me, whence cometh lightning ?

I tell thee, it cometh from wind and from water.

Tell me, what water is the holiest ?

I tell thee, the river Jordan is the holiest, because Christ was baptized therein.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me, what man first spake with a dog ?

I tell thee, Saint Peter.

Tell me, what man first ploughed the earth with a plough ?

I tell thee, it was Ham, the son of Noah.

Tell me, wherefore stones are barren ?

I tell thee, because Abel's blood fell upon a stone, when Cain his brother slew him with the jaw-bone of an ass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me, what made the sea salt ?

I tell thee, the ten commandments that Moses collected in the old Law, — the commandments of God. He threw the ten commandments into the sea, and he shed tears into the sea, and the sea became salt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me, what man first built a monastery ?

I tell thee, Elias, and Elisha the prophet, and, after baptism, Paul and Anthony, the first anchorites.

Tell me, what were the streams that watered Paradise ?

I tell thee, they were four. The first was called Pison ; the second Geon ; the third Tigris ; the fourth Euphrates ; that is, milk, and honey, and ale, and wine.

Tell me, why is the sun red at evening ?

I tell thee, because he looks into Hell.

Tell me, why shineth he so red in the morning ?

I tell thee, because he doubteth whether he shall or shall not shine upon this earth, as he is commanded.

Tell me, what four waters feed this earth ?

I tell thee, they are snow, and rain, and hail, and dew.

Tell me, who first made letters ?

I tell thee, Mercury the Giant."

Hardly less curious and infinitely more valuable, is a *Colloquy* of Ælfric, composed for the purpose of teaching boys to speak Latin. The Saxon is an interlinear translation of the Latin, on the *Hamiltonian system* !\* In this *Colloquy* various laborers and handicraftsmen are introduced,—ploughmen, herdsmen, huntsmen, shoemakers, and others ; and each has his say, even to the blacksmith, who dwells in his smithy amid iron fire-sparks and the sound of beating sledge-hammers and blowing bellows, (*isenne fyrspærkan, and swegincga beatendra slecgea, and blawendra byliga.*) We translate the close of this *Colloquy*, to show our readers what a poor schoolboy had to suffer in the Middle Ages. They will hardly wonder, that Eregina Scot should have been put to death with penknives by his scholars.

“ *Magister.* Well, boy, what hast thou been doing to-day ?

“ *Discipulus.* A great many things have I been doing. Last night, when I heard the knell, I got out of my bed and went into the church, and sang the matin-song with the friars; after that we sang the hymn of All Saints, and the morning songs of praise; after these Prime, and the seven psalms, with the Litanies and the first mass; then the nine o’clock service, and the mass for the day, and after this we sang the service of mid-day, and ate, and drank, and slept, and got up again, and sang Nones, and now are here before thee, ready to hear what thou hast to say to us.

“ *M.* When will you sing Vespers or the Compline ?

“ *D.* When it is time.

“ *M.* Hast thou had a whipping to day ?

“ *D.* I have not, because I have behaved very warily.

“ *M.* And thy playmates ?

“ *D.* Why dost thou ask me about them ? I dare not tell thee our secrets. Each one of them knows whether he has been whipped or not.

“ *M.* What dost thou eat every day ?

“ *D.* I still eat flesh-meat, because I am a child, living under the rod.

\* Thus it begins :

“ We cildra biddath the, eala Lareow, thæt thu tæce us sprécan  
*D. Nos pueri rogamus te, Magister, ut doceas nos loqui*  
 rihte, fortham üngelærede we syndon, and gewæmmodlice  
<sup>Latiliter recte, quia idiotæ sumus, et corrupte</sup>  
 we sprécath.  
*loquimur.*”

See Thorpe’s *Analecta*, where the whole Colloquy is given.

“ *M.* What else dost thou eat ?

“ *D.* Greens and eggs, fish and cheese, butter and beans, and all clean things, with much thankfulness.

“ *M.* Exceedingly voracious art thou; for thou devourest every thing, that is set before thee.

“ *D.* Not so *very* voracious either, for I dont eat all kinds of food at one meal.

“ *M.* How then ?

“ *D.* Sometimes I eat one kind and sometimes another, with soberness, as becomes a monk, and not with voracity; for I am not a glutton.

“ *M.* And what dost thou drink ?

“ *D.* Beer, when I can get it, and water when I cannot get beer.

“ *M.* Dost thou not drink wine ?

“ *D.* I am not rich enough to buy wine; and wine is not a drink for boys and ignorant people, but for old men and wise.

“ *M.* Where dost thou sleep ?

“ *D.* In the dormitory, with the friars.

“ *M.* Who wakes thee for matins ?

“ *D.* Sometimes I hear the knell and get up; sometimes my master wakes me sternly with a rod.

“ *M.* O, ye good children, and winsome learners ! (*ge gode cildra, and wynsume leorneras.*) Your teacher admonishes you to follow godly lore, and to behave yourselves decently everywhere. Go obediently, when you hear the chapel bell, enter into the chapel, and bow suppliantly at the holy altars, and stand submissive, and sing with one accord, and pray for your sins, and then depart to the cloister or the school-room without levity.”

We think this picture of a monk-ling at his catechism is capital. Poor boy ! who ate eggs and spinnage with much thankfulness, and sang penitential psalms at midnight with the friars ! How stoutly he repels the charge of being voracious over-much ! how cunningly insinuates, that he prefers beer to cold water ! And then the wise schoolmaster, how magisterially he says, “ Well, boy, what hast thou been doing to-day ? ” and “ hast thou had a whipping to-day ? ” and then slips in that joke, slyly and with due decorum ; “ Exceedingly voracious art thou ; for thou devourest every thing that is set before thee ! ” and so dismisses the scare-crow monk, telling him to be a good boy, and keep his hands out of his pockets, and modestly look straight before him. We commend the picture to Cruikshank.

Here we close our sketch of Anglo-Saxon Literature, with the hope, that what we have written may "stir up riper wits than ours to the perfection of this rough-hewn work."

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Since the first sheets of this article went to press, we have received, through the kindness of a friend, the second edition of Mr. Kemble's *Beowulf*, with his English Translation, Glossary, and Notes, forming a second volume. (London. 1837.) The translation is strong and faithful. "I was bound," he says, "to give word for word the original, in all its roughness. I might have made it smoother, but I purposely avoided doing so; because, had the Saxon poet thought as we think, and expressed his thoughts as we express our thoughts, I might have spared myself the trouble of editing and translating his poem."

Altogether, the work is one of great learning and labor, and places Mr. Kemble in the very highest rank of Saxon scholars. We recommend it to all readers of Saxon poetry in this country. They will find it of inestimable value to them in their studies.

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ART. V.—*History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs. Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty Portraits, from the Indian Gallery in the Department of State at Washington.* By THOMAS L. M<sup>c</sup>KENNEY, late of the Indian Department at Washington; and JAMES HALL, of Cincinnati. Vol. I. Philadelphia; published by Edward C. Biddle.

FOR many years it has been the custom of the Indians, residing within the territories of the United States, to send delegates to Washington for the purpose of making treaties respecting their lands, and transacting other affairs, in which they and the United States are mutually concerned. This custom has been encouraged by the government, as affording a favorable opportunity of communicating to the Indians just ideas of the condition, resources, and power of their civilized